

OUR DUMB Animals



"I TOLD YOU HE WAS THIRSTY"

Photo by Louise Vander Meid



Editor—WILLIAM A. SWALLOW
 Assistant Editor—ALBERT C. GOVERNOR
 Circulation Mgr.—MARY C. RICHARDS

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Adolescence

THROUGHOUT the years, many outstanding books and articles have been written about the subject of adolescence, and still, parents of teen-age children often wonder where they can find the wisdom to guide them through another year, with all the changes — mental and physical — through which their children must pass this fateful period of their career.

Today the child is happy and contented — tomorrow, brooding, melancholy, suffering perhaps from a bad case of childish love, or something or other — he knows not what.

This period can be very trying to parents who sometimes begin to wonder if their children really care for them. It is a stage which calls for unfailing patience and understanding in order to appreciate the emotional transition taking place and, unless carefully handled, it can result in disaster.

A prominent clergyman mentioned some time ago that perhaps the world itself is at present in its adolescent stage — so much is confusing and uncertain. In the future — and it may be a far distant future — it too will grow up and become adult, and so possibly be a better place in which to live.

Great world upheavals, as a rule, have ultimately produced better conditions for the people who inhabit our common earth. The development of man and the world in which he lives is a slow, often tortuous, process. Let those who worry unduly today have faith in the future. One of these days the world, we must believe, will be far nearer than it is today to that far-off goal toward which, we are told, the whole creation moves.

E. H. H.

"Flubba Dub"

**. . . . stranded here by
heavy storms and high
winds, meant to stay!**

By Helen Jay



Cigarette money paid for medicine.

"FLUBBA DUB", identified by her red carunculations about the forehead and eyes and a little crest, was rescued from the icy waters off Salem Harbor in December 1957 by some of the men who work at the Terminal Coal Company. They saw her floundering under the wharf trying to reach rain-drippings with her bill. For three weeks they left sandwiches and fresh water within her reach until they finally rescued her from a mud flat where she had been stranded when the tide went out. At that time "Flubba Dub" had a broken leg, frost bitten feet and bill and was next to starvation, weighing only two and one half pounds.

The rescuers began immediately to do all they could to make the little duck comfortable while they attempted to restore her to good health. Two of the men shared the expense of medicines and food while the rest helped by nursing, watching and advising. "Flubba Dub" was fed medicines and was given lanolin baths. Her nurses applied salves and other oils and put her broken leg in splints. She was bathed, massaged and fed according to the directions of one of her bird-loving rescuers.

A pen was prepared for her and placed in the maintenance room amid the whirring and whizzing of machines, but this did not perturb "Flubba Dub". The

men took their foster-parenthood seriously, doing everything possible to comfort the duck and speed her recovery. At the end of a month she was eating normally and weighed four pounds. She even took her own lanolin baths and waited patiently for the men to rinse her off. "Flubba Dub" kept her little pen clean and quacked-quacked deafeningly for her dinner if it were a bit late.

Given her freedom the duck made no attempt to leave her new friends. In



No southern vacation for her.

spite of the damage that frost bite had wrought on her webbed-feet she waddled after the men without difficulty, and, when they put her out of one door to set her free, she waddled right around and came in the other door. "Flubba Dub" was still there by the Fall of '58. She swam in the harbor and was as free as a bird should be, but when it came time to roost back she would go to the hard-working men, whose rescue and tender

care had saved her from certain death. The men agreed that she was one of the family and welcome to stay as long as she wished, but wanted to do what was best for "Flubba Dub". Realizing that she was becoming more and more dependent on them for her food and shelter the men decided to contact the Methuen branch of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. Joe Haswell, a broad-shouldered, friendly man, superintendent of the 186-acre animal farm, agreed to give "Flubba Dub" a home with others of her kind on the farm, if she did not fly south before the coming winter. It seemed that the duck did not want to exchange her loving friends for the heavy storms and high winds she might meet on her flight south. Thus, it was decided by the men that "Flubba Dub" should be retired to the Methuen Farm to live out her life happily and well cared for among her natural relatives.

Shortly thereafter, Mr. McLane, Public Relations Director of the M.S.P.C.A., wrote a letter thanking the men for their kindness and offering them the opportunity to visit "Flubba Dub" at Methuen whenever they wished to do so.

The men of the Terminal Coal Company at Salem Harbor will miss her waddle and quack but agree that the best is none too good for their "Flubba Dub."



Methuen is her happy home.



Mark and Cubby relaxin'—country style.

Not Guilty!

By George S. Lookabaugh

THERE was no doubt about it, Cubby had a problem and a job to do. His original owner, who had lavished him with affection, had moved away. So here he was, stuck with a family of non-cat enthusiasts. He had to win us over—that was his job. It wasn't that we disliked cats, we had just never had one.

We live in the country and wildlife abounds around our home. We entice our feathered friends with feeders, bird baths and houses. Wild rabbits use our yard for a rendezvous.

A cat in this midst? Gracious!

Well-meaning friends, knowing how we liked wildlife around us, reminded us of the general fallacy that wildlife and cats do not mix. Therefore, I took precautions. I heightened the bird feeders, cut off low hanging tree limbs and put

metal bands around the upper sections of the tree trunks.

In just a few days after his arrival, Cubby adopted us wholeheartedly. He liked all of us, but he preferred Mark's company. Mark is next to the youngest of our four boys, and a typical four-year-old. He and Cubby teamed together in some wild escapades.

Together, they jumped from the roof of the chicken house with no injuries at all. When Mark ran away from home through the clover field, without telling his mother, Cubby went with him. When a whole tray of freshly baked cup cakes disappeared, guess who we found in back of the garage having a picnic with them.

"Sometimes I think those two just try me," said my wife one evening.

My wife had always detested going into our outside cave cellar because it was constantly inhabited by field mice, which were difficult to keep out. Now she calls to Cubby for help. He will proudly march down the cellar steps ahead of her. When my wife opens the door he bounds inside and clears the way.

When I arrive home from work each evening, Cubby is the first to meet me.

When the boys want to romp with him or play hide and seek, Cubby obliges.

As you probably imagined, it wasn't long before Cubby had marched with flying colors right into our hearts.

Neither did he try to catch the birds that visited the feeders nor did he try to climb the trees where the robins nested. Not one of our wildlife friends did he try to molest. Cubby was not guilty!

Searching By Tape . . .

With Magnified Meows

By Erma Reynolds

IN Memphis, Tennessee, a mother cat belonging to Mrs. Tom Meanley tired of her maternal responsibilities and left her litter of week-old kittens to go in search of nocturnal entertainment.

Time passed without her return, and the kittens began to show signs of hunger.

Mrs. Meanley called and searched for her pet but the frivolous feline was nowhere to be found.

Then, Mrs. Meanley hit upon an ingenious solution to the problem. Hooking up her tape recorder to work like a

public address system, she let one of the kittens sound its hungry meows into the microphone.

The magnified sound was dreadful to hear. Yet, it did the trick. The wandering mother cat came home on the run to take care of her babies.

"Eric," The Newf

by Gladys Chase Gilmore

Chapter VI

Catching a Thief



"UNTIL we go to Maine," mother said, "if Eric isn't with you, he must be locked in his pen. Don't let him go near our suspicious neighbor, Mr. Hastings."

One morning Teddy Hastings and Roger were out in the backyard when the milkman came.

"Which of you is the Hastings kid?" the milkman asked.

"I am," said Teddy.

"O.K. Here are your two quarts of milk, same as every morning." The man was scowling at Teddy. "You tell your father you saw me leave two. I don't want him calling up my boss, blaming me when he only finds one quart."

"Dad says there's a thief in the neighborhood," Teddy explained, and we ought to watch and catch him."

"Want me to give you a tip? Look around to see who leaves a lot of extra bottles to be picked up. You could play detective," the milkman said. The boys met Jeanie and they discussed their plan to catch the thief.

"I'll just tell Mummie what we are doing and put Eric in his pen," said Jeanie.

When she took Eric to his pen, she looked toward the door of his little white house to see if the water pan was filled.

Something caught her eye in the doorway. No! It couldn't be that! Yes, it certainly was. An empty milk bottle!

"Eric! What does this mean? How did this milk bottle get there?" Jeanie's heart sank. "What have you been doing?" How terrible, if after all, Mr. Hastings was right and Eric was the thief.

Eric trotted along beside her. He felt the disapproval in her voice and kept his tail between his legs.

Jeanie got down and crawled inside Eric's house. Yes, there was the evidence.

"Oh, Eric! How could you! Now we may have to send you away after all." Jeanie began to cry quietly. Taking a couple of the sticky, empty bottles with her, she ran toward the house to tell her mother.

"How did Eric ever manage to do it?" Mother asked. She was very upset and could not believe it. How could he take a heavy quart bottle in his mouth, and how did he get the cap off?

"Well"—she looked at Jeanie—"the first thing we must do, darling, is to gather up all those bottles and wash them. Come. We'll go and bring them into the house. We don't want Teddy Hastings to discover them. Then we'll call Roger and make him promise not to tell anyone till we can discuss it with Daddy. Stop crying, Jeanie. Let's get those bottles in here quickly."

Eric realized he had done wrong and watched them with his head hanging, avoiding their eyes as they picked up the empty bottles.

Mother scolded him. However, she saw Eric's side of it and blamed herself for not being more careful in her training him, or in locking him in his pen. Eric loved milk. They knew that. They had had plenty of warning from Mr. Hastings and they might have prevented this.

Jeanie went over to get Roger. Back home in the kitchen, Roger was just as shocked as Jeanie and Mother were to learn that the thief they were hunting was none other than their own beloved Eric.

That evening after supper Mother called a meeting of the Family Council.

Jeanie told Daddy about her unhappy discovery and Roger filled in any missing facts.

"What do you think is the right thing to do next?" Mother asked.

"He didn't know he was doing wrong," pleaded Jeanie.

"That's true, Toots," her father spoke slowly. "It's the nature of these dogs to forage for food. He doesn't know the meaning of the word 'thief.'" Dad wanted to do the honest thing and at the time be fair to Eric. After all no one actually saw Eric take the milk or even saw him drinking the milk.

"What can we do with all these telltale milk bottles?" Mother asked.

Daddy had the answer for that and all the other questions. He said he would take the bottles at night in his car and leave them at the town dump. He felt that he would let the mystery of the missing milk stand until he felt it was right to tell what had happened.

Then it was decided they would leave for Uncle Ben's in Maine as soon as possible. There Eric would be out of mischief and, perhaps, Mr. Hastings would calm down during their absence.

"That's a wonderful plan, Daddy. It solves everything." Jeanie gave him a big hug. Eric was safe for the summer anyway.

Will to Live

By **Blanche Butler**

ONE of the most controversial horses in the world lives in the state of California. His name is Tom Boy.

For ten years his owner, a wealthy woman who loved Tom Boy very much but didn't have a suitable place to keep the large stallion, has been paying fifty dollars a month to have him boarded on a large California ranch. Then suddenly this wealthy woman died but before passing, she made a will stipulating that after her death Tom Boy should be put to death by the most humane method she knew. Now there is a great debate on as to whether these terms of her will shall be followed.

The people who board Tom Boy protest the action. They say they love the horse too much to see him destroyed, but the woman's lawyer, who drew up the will, contends that she did it to protect the horse's future and the will must be carried out, regardless of what others may think about it.

Tom Boy is not a young horse, as he is eighteen years old, and his mistress knew that his best days were over. By willing his death soon after her own, she probably wished to save him the cruel fate of so many horses who have no one to care what happens to them in their old age when they grow feeble and sick. Has anyone the right to say this was not true love for Tom Boy?

Several outstanding Los Angeles attorneys think otherwise, however, and have started a legal fight to save the life of Tom Boy. They have volunteered their services in behalf of the condemned horse, and they say they feel sure the animal's life will be saved, and that the strange will can be broken. If they are successful in their battle with the courts, Tom Boy may be allowed to live out his full span of years on the comfortable ranch, which is now his home.

Something New

By **Alan A. Brown**

THE growing shortage of horses has created a problem for the Baltimore orioles. The birds have been obliged to use their wits to find a substitute for the horsetail hairs they traditionally used for building their nests. They are now perfecting their technique with fibers of Indian hemp and grapevine bark, the hairlike appendages of dandelion seeds, and the cotton-like sheath of weeping willow seeds.

The intricate, laborious building methods of these famed construction engineers among the birds were described by the Smithsonian Institution.

At each visit the oriole usually brings a single fiber, wraps it around the nest support and works it into the nest mass by shuttle movements of the bill. A hundred shuttle movements, extremely rapid, may be made at a single visit.

Without deliberately seeming to do so, knots are made at each visit. In two or three days, one side of the nest is completed and the bird begins to work from the inside. With one foot grasping a twig and the other the nest mass, she thrusts and pulls, balancing herself with spread wings. The oriole finally settles down in the nest and shakes violently to bring the pressure of the breast to bear upon its inner surface.—Home again!

June 1959

Long Distance Call

By **David Morrison**



"Give a little whistle . . ."

THE trumpeting of an elephant or the roar of an angry lion may be more frightening, but for distance, the call of the hoary marmot wins hands down. The shrill whistle of the marmot can be heard a mile away and sometimes even farther. It is said to carry a greater distance than the sound of any other animal.

The marmot does not use his long-distance whistle just to amuse himself; it has a very practical purpose. He lives high up in the mountains of the west, and there are found also the grizzly bear and the golden eagle, the marmot's two most feared enemies. Although he is a burrower, the marmot is also very fond of fresh air and sunlight and he loves to bask in the open.

Thus exposed, however, he is open to attack from his enemies, so he bands together with a number of his fellows for mutual protection. Before venturing out, the foresighted marmot scoops out shallow holes for shelter on the way to his feeding grounds. When one of the marmot colony spies a bear or eagle, he warns his friends with an ear-shattering whistle. They all scamper like a flash to the shelter holes nearby.

When the bear, eagle or other enemy has gone, one of the colony will venture a quick "peek" and, if the coast is clear, he gives a whistle altogether different in tone and intensity to let his friends know they may safely emerge from their burrows. It would appear from this that our modern day air raid warning system is new only to us—not to the clever little marmot.

Trial By Combat

By Mary Alice Young



Greater love hath no dog . . .

AUBRI de Montdidier, a gentleman of fortune was last seen traveling alone, except for his dog, through the woods of Bondi. He mysteriously disappeared.

His dog, an English bloodhound, days later made his way to a house of an old friend of his master's in Paris.

The animal's howling and cries brought the friend to the door. At once the dog started to pull at his sleeve.

The bloodhound led the way to the forest of Bondi and to a tree where he moaned, scratching the ground. Something had been hidden there.

Filled with misgivings, the man got down on his knees and began to dig. He uncovered the body of Montdidier, evidencing foul play.

For several weeks the crime remained a complete mystery. But during a party at the home of Montdidier's friend, the bloodhound which he had adopted, sprang at the Chevalier Macaire, and seized him.

The astonished guests had the utmost difficulty in making the dog release his hold. In the weeks that followed it became apparent that when the dog and

the Chevalier met, the animal would jump and attack with fury. People began to observe the dog more and more. The bloodhound's obvious dislike attracted the attention of one of the townsmen who remembered that Macaire had a great dislike and intense envy of Montdidier.

The case reached the ears of Louis VIII. He sent for the dog. The bloodhound was extremely gentle with the king, but when his eyes met Macaire in the midst of several noblemen he bounded toward him, growling fiercely. The king used the accumulation of circumstantial evidence against Macaire and determined to refer the decision to "trial combat." An arena was prepared on the Isle of Notre-dame. Macaire was armed with a great cudgel and the dog was given an empty cask into which he could retreat if necessary. No sooner had the dog found himself at liberty with his adversary than he struck out with felling blows. The man's cries of guilt rang out on the air. He readily confessed to the murder.

The bloodhound lived to a ripe old age and never again was he known to be anything but gentle and faithful.

Unseeing Friends

By Grover Brinkman

THE first time you see Hartwell Murrie on the lawn of his home near Vienna, Illinois, you do not realize that he is blind. Then you notice another fact, stranger still.

His dog, Shep, also is blind.

Murrie, who with a brother and sister (both blind) run a 377-acre dairy farm, has been blinded since childhood. But Shep had his sight until a few years ago. Presumably lightning blinded him.

But if anything, this handicap made the man and dog closer pals. Murrie rides a horse about his farm; Shep goes along. They're always together doing the farm chores.

"I have a very acute sense of hearing," Murrie said. "I hear sounds ordinary people do not detect."

Only on windy days does he have trouble moving about his familiar haunts. But wherever he is Shep is near.

The man and the big shepherd dog are inseparable. And this gives rise to a thought: Does Shep realize his master, like himself, cannot see?



"THE cow says, 'moo-moo', the dog says, 'bow-wow', the duck says, 'quack-quack', Mommie says, 'no-no' . . . Two-year-old reported in PARENTS."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



To see, or not to see.

(AP photo)

The Eyes Have It

ACROSS the editorial desk comes many a story concerning animals and animal happenings of all descriptions. Recently a devoted reader sent in a letter of praise for the many hours of enjoyment our magazine has afforded her over the years. In her letter she mentioned her big, black, twelve-year-old cat, Suzie. Whenever television was turned on at night Suzy would rush into the room and settle herself on a comfortable chair facing the television set. According to Mrs. A. L. Leach of Muskegon Heights, Michigan, Suzie enjoys westerns, musicals and other programs that are filled with a lot of action and noise.

Not long after this letter had arrived another happening of the same nature hit the newspapers.

Spotty, a cross-breed, English setter and Spaniel, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Clark Samuel of Foxboro, was pictured before a TV set barking at the image of a duck moving across the screen. The Samuels say that Spotty enjoys animal stories and westerns. Furthermore, they say that he is not merely a casual observer but will bark excitedly as the plot thickens, will whimper when his canine hero seems doomed and even delights in seeing commercials. If the Samuels neglect to turn on the TV Spotty starts a great hulabaloo until they finally give in to his wishes.

Naturally, the next logical question comes up . . . Exactly what does a dog see? OUR DUMB ANIMALS, as official publication of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A.,

is very fortunate to have within the Society, the Angell Memorial Hospital, world famous for its treatment of animals of all kinds and equally famous for its leadership in animal studies. Therefore, for the answers to the questions concerning dog sight we have consulted Dr. T. C. Jones, Hospital pathologist, who is also Clinical Associate in Pathology at the Harvard Medical School, Veterinary Consultant to the Cancer Research Institute and formerly Chief of the Veterinary Pathology Section of the Armed Forces Institute in Washington, D.C.

According to Dr. Jones, dogs see the same images that humans see on television—with certain exceptions.

"Hunting dogs, such as beagles and setters depend on their noses more than their eyes. Thus they don't have the viewing power other dogs have. But loud noises—a bark, a roar, a shot—will attract almost any dog to the TV screen," commented Dr. Jones.

"Color television holds no lure for dog viewers since the only image dogs see are in black and white."

An added comment made by Dr. Jones: "If TV sets were equipped to give off interesting odors, all dogs would become TV fans and 'Smello-vision' would be assured of at least one great following."

It has been said that a dog's eyes are the "tie that binds" him to the human race. Certainly, a dog's eyes reveal sickness or good health. Over-excitement or possibilities of a fit are revealed by a

staring dazed expression with whites of the eyes showing. Distemper or other infection is revealed by watery, weeping, exudate-filled squinting or heavy lidded eyes. An enlarged haw (the third eyelid) may protrude giving the dog a heavy, dull expression.

Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle, Chief of Staff of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital advises dog owners to regularly check their dogs' eyes for dust and foreign particles that might lodge there.

Swelling of the eyes, in the case of an inflamed haw, may be decreased by bathing the eyes very gently with cotton swabs dipped in saturated boric acid solution. When your dog's eyes are weeping, bathe them very gently with cotton swabs dipped in 5% solution of boric acid. This solution will remove pus and dirt. Mercuric oxide, ophthalmic ointment, or any simple eye ointment may then be added. Following this application the lashes should be rolled up and off the eyeball.

If you are taking your dog for a run in the field during the late summer or fall it might be advisable to put a drop of cod liver-oil in each eye as a soother. The discomfort caused by pollen and dust is thereby lessened.

Any prolonged eye irritation or infection should be brought to the attention of your veterinarian as soon as possible.

A bright intelligent look is what a normal dog should have. Let's keep it that way.

ANIMALS IN



FROM GRIEF TO JOY

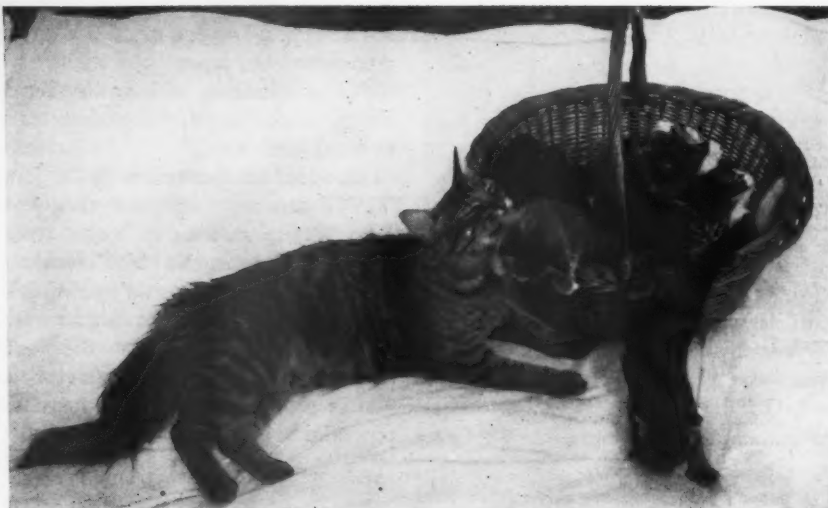
Diane Williams, of St. Petersburg, Florida, cried bitterly when a white puppy given her as a combination Christmas and 12th birthday present, slipped and was killed under the wheels of a passing automobile. Her unhappy story was related in the St. Petersburg Times, with the suggestion that a new puppy would mend Diane's broken heart. That suggestion did not go unheeded. In the picture you see Diane with the blond, six-week-old pure bred cocker spaniel, given her by Gilbert Aymar. The new puppy quickly took over and Diane called her new pet, Lucky. Diane is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Wesley Williams.

Photo by George G. Trabant

IS THIS A RECORD LITTER?

From F. J. Sargent, of Auburn, N.Y. comes this picture of his cat, Fluffy, who recently gave birth to eight kittens in one litter. A veterinarian friend informed him that he had never heard of a cat having more than six at one time. What has been your experience?

Photo by Wilbur Hoyt



B. Schnelle, chief of the Angell Memorial Society, presented an engraved certificate of merit on the Massachusetts Animal Humane Education Society, whose office is in the same building as the Angell Memorial.

Mr. Albert A. Pollard, director of the American Humane Education Society, whose office is in the same building as the Angell Memorial, were presented citations of merit today by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for their contribution in rescuing a dog from the ice on March 1.

Patrolman William Delamater, 490 Salem street, were presented the awards by Agent Carl Bragner, at the home of the patrolman at 1 p.m.

poster contest sponsored by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society of Boston. Posters with pictures of our friends which reach our desk monthly is "Our Dumb Animals," produced by the M.S.P.C.A. It is profusely illustrated with appealing pictures of our friends.

to be used Memorial Society of ing statem to our atte supply of nearly depl necessary t we are to p and comfort that are br hospitalizat ly true in t where disten and where

THE NEWS



SIX O'CLOCK FEEDING

Baby robins have voracious appetites and they keep their parent literally hopping to find worms enough to keep them satisfied. It is rare, indeed, to catch a picture of the mother and father together helping to feed their young, but this photographer solved the problem by setting up his camera two feet from the nest, rigging a remote control and snapping the picture from inside his house 100 feet away.

Photo by Ben DeBrocke

"KISS THE DOGGIE"

Princess, pet collie of Joe Capillo, of Southbridge, Mass., goes through the daily ritual of kissing the toy dog, an inanimate member of the family. Mr. Capillo says, "Upon our command of 'Kiss the doggie,' Princess will hop on the bed and lick the plastic nose of the toy."

Photo by Joe Capillo





Swimming Lessons for Seals?

By David Morrison

ONE would ordinarily assume that all aquatic animals are born with the ability to swim, but this is not the case with seals. They must be taught how to take care of themselves in the water, just the same as we humans must be taught. The mother seal does the teaching, when her offspring is a baby; she does this by forcing the baby seal into a shallow pool and making it remain there, floundering and protesting, until they are able to stay afloat and propel themselves through the water.

The reason seals are not born with the swimming instinct is that they are not entirely aquatic animals. The distinguishing features of the "true" seal are their hind limbs, which are directed backward permanently into a rudder-like organ. They have no external ear and their necks are shorter, and their front limbs are smaller than the hind ones, as com-

pared with their "cousins", the sea lions and walruses. At one time, many centuries ago, the seal was a land animal, but for thousands of years the seal has been undergoing a gradual metamorphosis, and in time may become entirely aquatic in its habitat. Today's seal spends only part of its life in the water. All spend a large part of their time taking sun baths on stretches of sandy beaches in the summer and ice floes in the winter. The true seal can be found in the temperate and colder sea of both the Northern and Southern Hemispheres. They are extremely devoted to their young. These seals tend to be gregarious animals especially during the breeding season. They give birth to their young on land, and since seals are mammals they feed their young on milk as do mammals living on land. In passing it might be noted that the only seas from which the seals are

absent are the warmer parts of the Indian Ocean. Although typically marine in their swimming and feeding habits, seals always pair and breed on land. The mother seal usually produces only one "pup". Anatomically, the "pup" resembles the bear-like carnivores of which they are an offshoot. However, the marked differences are a conversion of all the limbs into swimming paddles, large in size, well-developed at birth, eyes open, and shedding its milk teeth at birth.

Soon after birth the mother begins to teach her young "pup" to swim. So the next time you see a svelte seal slicing gracefully through the water in a demonstration of masterful swimming prowess, just remember, that prowess was acquired by trial and error. The seal was not born with the instinctiveness to swim.

Aquatic

By Carroll Van Court

*The hooded seal should be a clown,
He needs no mask or paint;
One look at his proboscis, and
You'll say that he is quaint.*



Clowning

Sketch By Bill Sagerman

*He's in a class, all by himself,
His queer nose is inflatable;
But whether he'll perform for you
Is, well, somewhat debatable!*

Hot Weather Advice

WE sincerely hope that the sentiments portrayed in the accompanying drawing will never be reproduced in actual life either in our own Commonwealth or in the whole of these United States. It is a sad commentary, indeed, on pet owners who think no more of their animals' loyalty than to abandon them for even a short period.

Perhaps this summer more than ever before whole families will be packing up to take much needed vacations after the hard winter. If you are one of these, please do not forget your pet. Give serious thought to his care and well-being if you must leave him behind.

Remember always that he depends upon you alone for food and shelter to say nothing of companionship and affection. His whole life is wrapped up in you and in your hope and in your activities which you have allowed him to share. He trusts you implicitly.

Every provision should be made for his care while you are away on vacation or other absence from home. Either board him in a reputable kennel or leave him with friends who may agree to care for him. If you are leaving him with friends, be sure that they understand his feeding schedule and will take the responsibility for securing proper medical care in case of need. Leave the name of your veterinarian and call him up yourself so that he will understand if it is necessary to call him.

Most certainly, it is inadvisable to leave your pet with anyone who is not fond of animals. To make him feel at home as much as possible send along his collar and leash, his own toys and his feeding dish and water pan.

Adopted Pets

Another cruelty, too often practiced thoughtlessly, is the adoption of pets at vacation spots and their eventual abandonment when the family is ready to go back home. So much suffering occurs as a result that we ask all who come within this category to be sure to turn these unwanted animals over to an accredited animal protection organization or arrange with a veterinarian to have them humanely put to sleep. Remember—hunger, thirst and



Drawing by Sav in Boston Traveler

exposure are the results of abandoning animals under any circumstances.

Hot Weather

Be sure to move the dog house into the shade; it becomes a place of torture if exposed to the hot, mid-summer sun. Be sure there is good ventilation and that oilcloth, hard cushion or cedar pillow be provided for sleeping. Laundering of blankets, if used, should be frequent. Only scrupulous cleanliness will prevent an epidemic of fleas.

An animal left in a car parked in the sun may suffocate. Always park in the shade, if possible and if you cannot take your pet with you, open the windows at least two inches on opposite sides to insure a passage of air through the car.

Provide plenty of fresh, cool water at all times for all animals. Renew it frequently and keep the dish in a shaded spot and if your dog is tied outside be sure he can reach the shade.

Exercise

Remember, a dog, like a child, is always ready to romp and play. He is not at all cautious about his health at such times

and will exercise to the point of exhaustion. Never force him to exercise too vigorously in hot weather and prevent him from doing so whenever possible.

Ardent photographers should be careful about ordering an animal to pose too often at a sitting for pictures. Especially in summer is this very tiring for pets and may lead to disobedience, no matter how well-trained. Make the sittings short and well-spaced in between. Such procedure will maintain even tempers for both you and your animal.

Gardens

A real problem presents itself with the advent of the gardening season. It is perfectly natural for rabbits to feed off the succulent young shoots. They are merely following their natural instincts.

If you are so troubled, a simple fence of chicken wire will keep rabbits out as well as other animals who may be tempted to trample your new growth of vegetables or flowers. More than anything else, we urge you not to start a poisoning campaign. Poison seldom destroys the creatures bothering the garden but often kills the neighborhood pets, instead.



Gene C. Staples, son of Connecticut State 4-H Club leader.

Livestock Exhibit

UNDER the leadership of Randy Staples at the University of Connecticut, 4-H Club work grows stronger and stronger each year.

A year ago, at the Eastern States Exposition in Springfield, Massachusetts, John C. Macfarlane was pleased to see an excellent 4-H exhibit titled, "Safety at the Loading Ramp." Some fifteen members of the Southern Hartford County 4-H

Baby Beef Club showed very clearly what livestock conservation meant to them.

"I feel confident that when these 4-H's start out on their own they will remember the importance of 'quiet handling' and stair-type loading ramps," said Mr. Macfarlane, Livestock Conservation Director of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A.



(Left to right) Dr. Richard Foley, University of Massachusetts, Wyman Hawks, Bristol County F.F.A. teacher and John C. Macfarlane, Director, Livestock Conservation Department of our Society, being presented Honorary Bay State Farmer Degree plaques by Paul L. Lively, President of the Massachusetts Association of F.F.A.

Black Beauty

PROBABLY few of our readers know that our American Humane Education Society was the original publisher in America of that world-famed book, "Black Beauty". Several hundred thousand copies were sold and distributed far and wide by the Society. This was back in the year 1890.

Through inadvertance we now find ourselves without a copy of the FIRST edition of this book and we are wondering if any of our readers might have one that they would be willing to donate for the archives of our Society.

THE MODERN DOG ENCYCLOPEDIA, Second Edition. Henry P. Davis, Editor. The Stackpole Co., Harrisburg, Pa. XI-626 pages, illus., 1956. \$10.00.

A WEALTH of information concerning dogs may be found within the covers of this easily read book. The various breeds are discussed individually and exhaustively. Interesting sidelights are given about the ancestry of many dogs as well as qualities peculiar to the breed.

Upon starting to read the book, one will encounter a rather complete section regarding the origin of the dog. From this subject the story progresses into accounts of the dog's place in religion, myth, and superstition. Modern man reveres his dog, not as a deity, but, as a helper and devoted companion. The value of the dog to the blind and to our national defense is known to many. The book's discussion of the training program necessary to produce a capable and dependable animal should increase tenfold the reader's appreciation of his contribution to man.

The section of the book devoted to "The Dog in Body and Mind" presents valuable information to dog owners. A much better understanding of a pet can be achieved by careful reading of this section. Dr. Todd O. Munson, V.M.D. of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital has contributed a vital section on feeding growing dogs that should be read and followed by all dog owners.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Shellfish Cruelty

WE know that there is a great deal of cruelty involved in preparing shellfish, frogs, capons and other forms of life for human consumption.

To take a typical example, most people broil or boil lobsters alive, thereby subjecting them to a most painful death. Extensive research has been made on this particular subject and, in our estimation, the best method for killing lobsters is described by Professor Aaser, of Norway, who based his investigation on a large number of lobsters, 55 to be exact.

He found that live lobsters can be rendered completely unconscious simply by submerging them in cold water which has been saturated with salt. This saturation point is obtained by continuing to pour salt into the water, stirring it until crystals can no longer dissolve and form at the bottom of the vessel—for this solution it takes approximately one half pound of table salt per quart of water. A two-quart vessel would contain the average lobster and this solution can be used for any number of the creatures desired.

The lobsters are then submerged in this solution for one minute, after which time they are unconscious and they will remain unconscious for from three to five minutes. This brief immersion will in no way affect the flavor of the meat, nor will it cause the lobster any visible discomfort.

Lobsters so treated may then be dropped into boiling water, to which they will show no reaction, and will die in fifty seconds after being submerged. Death is evidenced by the contraction of the tail under the body.

We believe that this is the best method for killing lobsters in small or large quantities, and recommend its use, both in the home or in any other place where these creatures are used for food purposes.

Another method which has some acceptance is to put the animals in cold water, which subsequently is heated slowly to the boiling point. The lobsters gradually lose consciousness and collapse at a temperature varying from 80 to 90 degrees Fahrenheit. This surely is more humane than dropping them instantly into boiling water.



VISITING HOURS 2-4—Peggy, a Guide dog, visits her attractive blind mistress, Shirley Palmer, 21 of Everett, Massachusetts, who is undergoing therapy at the Robert Breck Brigham Hospital. Looking on is Nurse Anne Wrublasky, of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. It is one of the nurses's duties to see that Peggy visits Shirley every other day. The dog is being cared for at the Hospital while the girl is receiving treatment. Shirley, a graduate of Perkins Institute, has been blind for eleven years.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

"Critter Corner"

Do you love animals? Then don't miss:
CRITTER CORNER

WHERE: Channel 4, WBZ-TV

WHEN? Every Saturday morning, 9:30 a.m.

WHO? John Macfarlane, host, and
an assortment of fascinating animal friends.
EVEN YOUR PETS WILL LIKE IT!

THIS notice you see appearing quite often in the Young Readers' Pages foretells always for many of our young readers a Saturday morning of wholesome and constructive enjoyment.

Mr. Macfarlane is celebrating his 8th year in television with WBZ-TV as host of *Critter Corner* (formerly *Animal Fair*). During this special endeavor John Macfarlane has had on his program over 2,000 living animals, ranging from Sea Urchins to baby Elephants, in the television studio. There have been 99 recognized pure-bred dogs, as well as hundreds of fine mixed-bred dogs and hundreds of beautiful cats. Pictured here are but a few of the thousands of guests and animals that have graced "Critter Corner".



The first picture shows Mr. Macfarlane interviewing Thornton Burgess, well-known author of the *Peter Rabbit* stories, and also a Director of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. Mr. Burgess is holding "Jimmie, Skunk", a living example of one of his famous tales.

In the second picture we see Mr. Macfarlane posing with some of his guests and holding one of the "Huskies" that accompanied Admiral Byrd on one of his many famous Polar expeditions. Note the dog sled in the foreground—this also was used by Byrd's expedition.



Our last picture shows one of John's most unusual combinations to ever appear on his program. Here we see Mr. Horace Getchell, a Maine hermit, and his faithful companion, "Kid", the wonder dog. It has been evidenced that "Kid" understands literally everything that Mr. Getchell says to him. In fact, Dept. of Psychology of The University of Illinois invited Mr. Getchell to give them a demonstration of the uncanny ability that "Kid" appears to have in understanding a variety of commands given by either Mr. Getchell or any one that had a mind to get into the demonstration. As far as those that were present could determine there were no "catch phrases" used, no mechanical devices, such as a high pitched dog whistle, used, nor were the commands simple. Indeed they were often complicated involving memory, differentiation of people and things, and disciplined actions not always associated with the canine world.

These are but a few of the unusual guests that have appeared on Mr. Macfarlane's program, "Critter Corner".



THE GOAT COMES TO BREAKFAST—Rebus

Helen Strimple



 'S FATHER HAS A  FARM. THE
 MOTHER  S GIVE  JUST LIKE A 
 MANY PEOPLE DRINK THE  S MILK. THE BABY
 ARE CALLED "KIDS". ONE DAY  S FATHER
 GAVE  A LITTLE BLACK  FOR HIS PET. IT WAS
 NAMED "FRISK".  FED IT  FROM A  
 FOLLOWED  ALL AROUND THE FARM. ONE MORNING
 FOLLOWED  INTO THE  AND  DIDN'T
 SEE HIM. IT WAS TIME FOR BREAKFAST. MOTHER
 HAD A  OF HOT  AND  ALL READY FOR
 . WHEN HE SAT UP TO THE  THERE
 WAS  STANDING BESIDE  'S  !
 "HE WANTS  FOR BREAKFAST TOO!" LAUGHED
 . MOTHER MADE ONE IN THE  FOR HIM.
 AND THAT MORNING  ATE A  FOR BREAKFAST!

Reproduced through the courtesy of American Childhood

When disaster is mirrored in your pet's eyes is it a...

Sixth Sense?

By Mary Alice Young

SOME animal lovers are convinced that dogs, cats, birds and even fish are endowed with the power to sense disaster. How it is done, no one seems to know. In view of the uncanny happenings, it appears almost eerie.

Shortly before the last war when chaos let loose in Europe, the waxwing suddenly disappeared. Almost overnight they left in droves. All its haunts emptied. The bird was not seen again until a few weeks prior to the signing of the peace terms. Just as suddenly as it disappeared, it returned and nest-building began. Stories appeared in the press, on the radio, groups on the country roads gathered to discuss the waxwing. The more superstitious people were sure this was a sign that the war's end was near. Scarcely six weeks had passed when the skies were thick with waxwings. The guns had been silenced and what's more, it seemed as though these feathered creatures knew it.

In the fall of 1922, thousands of cat owners in Chile bombarded the authorities with complaints that their pets had

been stolen. Transients coming into the cities of Chile around Copiapo told stories of seeing literally hundreds of cats of all types rushing for the hills. Within a few hours, half the town had been completely destroyed and 35,000 people had been made homeless by the earthquake. Again even the cats seemed to know of the coming terror and destruction.

One wonders about a sixth sense when he remembers October 1923—setting Tokyo. The people were being driven mad with the barking of the dogs. Every species of dog invaded the city streets. They howled early and late. This went on until early in November and then all was quiet. Too quiet in fact. Every stray seemed to have disappeared from the earth. Before the people could voice their great relief the Island of Krakatoa was blown up by a subterranean explosion and over 38,000 people perished. **NOT ONE ANIMAL LOST ITS LIFE** (supposedly). For days beforehand the sea had been black with furry bodies swimming away. The sky was populated with

birds flying from the island. Even the fish from the sea had hastened far away. They seemed to know of the disaster, but how?

A party of Monks from a monastery in Switzerland were preparing to take their dogs for their usual exercise one day in 1940. The dogs refused to budge and the Monks who had experienced heretofore such uncanny happenings closed the gates and took shelter. Within one hour an avalanche of rocks and debris came tumbling down. The path which the Monks would have taken was completely buried and had they not withdrawn with their dogs, they would have met with the same fate.

Perhaps your own pet senses smaller catastrophes such as an electric storm, a hurricane, a heavy snowfall. Next time you are in the country and a storm is brewing, when the sky becomes as black as midnight, watch the rabbits, the field mice and other animals leave their holes to avoid being drowned in their burrows. Steal a glance at your pet's eyes. Do you see a sixth sense?

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Dog Economy

TWENTY-SIX million dogs in over eighteen million homes in 1958 will have consumed more than two billion pounds of prepared dog food. This represents 350 million consumer dollars. Thus, the dog is an important user of agricultural products, and responsible for thousands of jobs growing out of the production and marketing of dog food.

The yearly increase in the sale of dog food is accounted for not only by the steady rise in the dog population over the past 15 years and the longer life span enjoyed by today's dogs, but also by the American housewife's appreciation of prepared foods.

—Guinea Research Center.

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Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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